

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883

NO. 8.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per inch for first insertion and ten cents per inch for each subsequent insertion. Local notices, 5 cents per line for each insertion. Special rates for regular advertisements by the year or quarter.

PINCKNEY VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/4 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7 1/4 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after the morning service. Class meeting following the Sunday School.

Rev. F. E. PEABCE, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services each Sabbath morning at 10 1/4 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 1/4. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7 1/4 P. M. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. Others will be in waiting to meet those not familiar with the pews.

Rev. K. H. CRANE, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on second Saturday of each month. Mrs. Dr. SIGLER, Secretary.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, of the M. E. Church, meets first Saturday of each month. Mrs. SUSAN NIX, President.

MARY VAN FLEET, Cor. Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Livingston Tent, No. 285, meets at Masonic Hall the first Friday evening of each month. The full of the moon in each month.

F. A. SIGLER, Com.

L. D. BROOKAW, R. K.

MASSONIC.—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Main Block, Tuesday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

C. D. VANWINKLE, W. M.

C. V. VANWINKLE, Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GIL ABIST,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES,
Whips, Robes, Brushes, etc.

Repairing done on short notice. Keeps a full stock of Diamond Black Leather Oil constantly on hand.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

T. H. TURNER, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Main Block,
PINCKNEY.

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,
NEWSDEALERS,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewelry, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc. Confectionery a specialty.
Cor. Main and Mill Sts.,
PINCKNEY.

R. E. FINCH,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
Kalsomining and Paper-hanging,
GRAINING A SPECIALTY.
PINCKNEY, MICH.

E. A. MANN, Dealer in
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
Clothing and General Merchandise,
Next to Post Office,
PINCKNEY.

L. V. BROWN,
SHAVING PARLOR,
Also dealer in Cigars and Confectionery,
Second door east of Postoffice,
PINCKNEY.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
Family Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.
The Brick Store on the corner.

WHEELER & GARDNER,
Dealers in
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE
East Main Street,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

JAMES T. EAMAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Justice of the Peace,
Office in the Brick Block,
PINCKNEY.

P. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office over Sigler's Drug Store,
PINCKNEY.

THOMAS CLINTON,
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP,
ALSO HARNES MAKING.
Cash for Hides, Pelts and Furs.
Next south of Globe Hotel, PINCKNEY.

CALL BY TELEPHONE
AT SIGLER BROS. DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

W. R. RAINY,
DENTIST,
Office days: Monday, Friday and Saturday.
Office over Sigler's Drug Store, PINCKNEY.

WE HAVE OPENED

A REPAIR SHOP

In connection with our store, repairing neatly done. Give us a call. Cash for hides and pelts. West of hotel. W. B. HOFF.

A. L. HOYT

CARPENTER & JOINER

For information inquire at Teeple & Cadwell's Hardware.
PINCKNEY, MICH.

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN,

When you need anything in the line of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, Perfumery and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Etc. We will try to make it for your interest to patronize us. All Drugs fresh and pure.

BORN.

Friday March 2, 1883, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Melvin, Jr., a son.

Wednesday, March 7th, 1883, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crossman, of Unadilla, a son.

OBITUARY.

Died—At her home, in Marion, March 4th, 1883, Mrs. Geo. Spitzer, in the 74th year of her age.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A CARD.

As we have come to this village purposing to make it our future home, we would through the medium of the press say to the citizens of Pinckney and vicinity that we shall be pleased to make the acquaintance of as many as will favor us with a call. We do not come here expecting to do all the business done in Pinckney, but simply ask for a share of your patronage and hope by fair deal to merit it.

Yours very respectfully,
C. E. Hollister.

The person who borrowed a carpet reel from Mrs. S. Sykes two years ago, is requested to return the same.

An erasable tablet memorandum was left at this office last week. Owner can have same by calling.

Vegetine at Winchell's Drug Store.
Call and see our Easter Cards, plain or fringed, at SIGLER BROS.

Best dried beef at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Lawrence De Pew & Co's crackers at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders at Winchell's Drug Store.

Cap Sheaf coffee 18 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Shiloh's consumption cure at Winchell's Drug Store.

Best cream cheese at 18 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Good butter wanted at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Marshall's Catarrh Cure at Winchell's Drug Store.

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at Winchell's Drug Store.

A new line of tobacco this week at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Cracked wheat and oatmeal, nice and fresh at Winchell's Drug Store.

James Markey, of this town, general agent for the Hero Reaper, is now traveling for the company, the Sandusky Machine and Agricultural Works, appointing agents and contracting with them for 1883. Mr. Markey represents one of the best reapers in the land.

Ayer's Hair Vigor at Winchell's Drug Store.

Buttons put on with the Heaton patent button fastener, free of charge, at the Bee Hive.

"Rough on Rats" at Winchell's Drug Store.

Hominy, pearl barley, and oatmeal at the Brick store.

White fish and mackerel at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Best oatmeal at L. E. Richards & Co's.

A full fresh line of Groceries at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Best 20, 25, 40 & 50 cent tea at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Pride of Canada plug smoking tobacco at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Green Rio Coffee 12 & 14 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Frank Siddall's soap at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Boraxine, a substitute for soap, at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Don't forget to call and get prices at L. E. Richards & Co's.

The Donaldson Inhaler is recommended as a safe and agreeable apparatus for administering local medication in difficult and chronic cases of catarrh, cold in the head, bronchitis, asthma, etc. Call and test it for yourself, at Winchell's Drug Store, sole agents Pinckney and vicinity.

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Have you lost anything?
Have you found anything?
Have you anything to sell?
Do you wish to buy?
Do you want anything, and don't know where to find it—
Advertise in the DISPATCH. It will save you time and money.

Where have the robins gone?
Many sick horses about the country just now.

This is a round world—but a great many flat people live on it.

MARTIN MELVIN, JR., has taken a "railroad boarder." Weighs 10 lbs.

We want a good correspondent at Hamburg Village and another at Petysville.

Mr. TURNER, of Towlerville, favored the DISPATCH with a brief call Friday last.

The mania for "fixing up" still continues to spread, and some more stores will undergo much needed repairs.

E. G. Embler, a former resident of Putnam, made a good run for Recorder of Howell, Monday last, lacking sixteen votes of his opponent's number.

REV. FR. DUNG, of Chelsea, who is also pastor of the Catholic Church, in this village, favored the DISPATCH with a pleasant social call, Friday last.

MR. PEARSON has purchased a large quantity of brick, and is having them piled up on the public square, to be ready for business when Spring opens.

A TABLEAU SOCIAL will be given by the Congregational society, at the residence of Mr. J. A. Cadwell, on Wednesday evening, March 23d. All are cordially invited.

J. T. Eaman has sold his flock of 91 fat lambs to John Reywalt, of Dexter. They were as fine a lot as we ever saw, and attracted considerable attention when drawn through town, this morning.

The lecture of Mrs. Boise, at the M. E. church, Friday evening last, was well patronized, and some of those who heard it pronounced it the best lecture one temperance ever delivered in the village.

BRO. ALLEN, of the Dexter Leader, said "howdy do" to us through the telephone, the other morning. "If we ever get so as to be able to walk on both feet again, we're going down to look him over and see about how large he is. It isn't our (cleft foot that keeps us at home now, and you needn't insinuate such a thing, brethren."

MR. T. J. EAMAN, of Alexandria, Arizona, paid the DISPATCH office a visit, yesterday. He has been in New York on business connected with the silver mine in which he is interested, and on returning came this way to visit friends and relatives. He is quite pleased with his new home in the Southwest.

The social at Mr. Grimes' last night, was a grand success. Mr. G's commodious residence was filled to its utmost with people of the village and vicinity. An elegant supper was served at about ten o'clock. Games and social converse enlivened the evening, and the piano, under the skillful fingers of Mrs. A. T. Mann, contributed an attractive feature to the entertainment.

THREE Grand Trunk freight cars passed over the Michigan Central road, the other day, it is said—and a Dexter man seeing them at once jumped at the conclusion that the G. T. and the M. C. had pooled their interests, in consequence of which the Air Line would be abandoned, and Pinckney have no railroad after all. What fertile imaginations some men have!

Considerable talk was caused Monday by J. Pearson taking possession of his property, recently purchased, which has for many years been used as a ball ground by the Pinckney B. B. C. Mr. Pearson's addition to the village of Pinckney forms a square 16 rods on each side, bounded north by Main street, east by Mill street, south by Mrs. Mann's residence, west by South street. An alley will run through it east and west, for the convenience of teams. The front or north half is divided into 12 business lots 22 by 122 feet.—Pinckney Correspondence Dexter Leader.

The above correspondence is not exactly "on the square." The writer must have been fooling around the "town pump," and got mixed up a little. South Street is not on the west side of the property in question, but Howell Street is; and if the "south side is bounded by Mrs. Mann's residence," that lady would like to know what has become of her front door yard, as well the street adjoining it. The correspondent must have been a stranger, who has never heard the square called by any other name than "base ball ground."

JOHNNY McCLOSKEY is very ill. And still the railroader mourneth because of the weather.

A social party was given at Will Jenkins' Thursday evening last.

Oyster supper at Wm. Placeway's tomorrow evening.

The question of the day—"how's your nose?"

HENRY MEAD, of Marion, has sold his 60 acre farm to Herman Swarthout.

The Howell and Dexter stage lines are well patronized nowadays.

SERVICES appropriate to Palm Sunday will be held at the Catholic Church, on Sunday, March 18th.

Mc CLURE L. HINCHEY, of north Putnam, sold his farm of 80 acres, Friday last, to John Commiskie, of Genoa.

L. C. GOODBICH, of Ann Arbor, was in town visiting friends during the past week. He followed suit and took—the DISPATCH.

Mrs. N. F. BEEBE has been visiting at her mother's (Mrs. Webb), near the village, for a few days past, we are told.

JAMES WHITE, of East Saginaw, has been visiting friends in Pinckney and vicinity during the past week. We send another DISPATCH to East Saginaw, now.

Look for neighborhood news on 5th page, this week. We have changed the make-up of our paper somewhat to better accommodate our advertising patrons.

THE Congregational society have changed the time for their morning service from eleven o'clock to half past ten o'clock; Sunday school at half-past eleven. Evening service at half-past seven.

E. PEARSON has issued bills, printed at this office, advertising an auction sale of stock and farming implements on the Pearson farm, two miles east of Pinckney.—Thursday, March 15th. Perry Blunt, auctioneer.

THE Stockbridge Sentinel doubts our story about the size Ann Arbor school girls feet. How do you know anything about it, Bro. Freeman? Didn't ever "go skatin'" down about there, and lose sight of the city behind one of those dainty peds (as a friend of ours did) thinking it was the ascending hillside thine upward gaze was fixed upon.

EX. VICE PRES. SCHUYLER COLFAX will lecture at the Baptist Church in Howell, Friday evening, March 16th. Subject, "Our Martyred Presidents." The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cts., to be found at Hickey & Goodenow's, H. D. Wilber's, Garland & Hornung's, and Chas. H. Brown's, also at the door the evening of the lecture.

We have been somewhat surprised, the past two weeks, at the increased circulation and demand for the DISPATCH. Though we have intended to provide for all probable demands, yet every copy of last week's issue was gone before Saturday noon, and have had to call for extras every day since. We shall add largely to our issue again this week, but would caution our friends that the only way to be certain of the paper is to subscribe for it, as so many are doing daily. We always look out for our regular subscribers first, as, of course, we are honestly bound to do.

REGARDING the public square, we have little definite information that can be placed at the disposal of the public. Letters have been received from Jos. Kirkland, Esq., of Chicago, declaring himself surprised and indignant that Mr. Bullock should claim to have purchased any title to the public square in this village. In a moral point of view, this of course calls for an explanation from Mr. Bullock, but the question of legality, so far as the present claimant is concerned might not be affected by the deceptive means employed in obtaining the deed from the heirs of the Kirkland estate. Mr. Pearson is still confident that he has a sure thing on the title.

The long Senatorial contest was brought to a close last Thursday evening by the election of Thomas Palmer, of Detroit, on the 82nd ballot. Mr. Palmer is a wealthy and quite popular business man of Michigan's Metropolis, being also largely interested in the lumber trade of the Saginaw region. He was a member of the State Senate for the session of 1879, aside from which he has had no legislative experience. Is something of a humorist, and may possibly attract some attention by means of his personal eccentricities. He is not a remarkable man either in ability or reputation, but we hope he may prove a satisfactory servant of the State.

Did you have the epizootic yet? Where's your last year's maple sugar to melt over for "new crop."

WILL Mr. Pearson stand behind his brick pile and sing "Hold the Fort."

DAVID BENNETT and daughter Nellie have gone to Saginaw to visit friends.

A great many of the country schools are closing this week.

W. J. MILLER, of Howell, was in town Saturday.

James Markey, Esq., returned from his northern trip, yesterday.

Fremont Kennedy has just returned from Nebraska.

The village charter is in the hands of the legislative printer, and will soon be perfected; we understand the election of village officers will occur on the last Monday in March.

M. L. HINCHEY, having sold his farm near Chubb's Corners, has had posters printed at this office, advertising an auction sale of stock and farming tools on the premises, Tuesday, Mar. 18, Perry Blunt, auctioneer.

UNADILLA.—From various sources, we gather the following items of Unadilla news, at too late an hour for our neighborhood news department.

Janet Marshall and her mother are making their yearly visit to friends at North Lake.

A. K. Conrad, of Beloit, Wis., formerly of Unadilla, has been called to New York by the death of his grandmother. She is well remembered here as auntie Conrad, and was loved by all who knew her.

The young people had a very enjoyable time at the Doctor's last Saturday evening, and Holden was wonderfully surprised.

Cheek is all the rage in this vicinity now—mumps.

The Baptist social at J. Kirkland's, last Wednesday eve, was well attended, and much enjoyed. Receipts, \$7.50.

W. C. PYPER, of Pinckney, made a short visit at the Unadilla House, last week. Come again, "Pype," and serve the rest of us so.

Jay Backus and family, of Pinckney, were the guests of F. C. and Mollie Livermore, last Saturday.

There are six churches in Unadilla township.

A CARD.

We wish to say to our many friends in and about Pinckney, that we have completed arrangements to open a first class stock of hardware at Pinckney, and shall be ready for business about April 1st. Please bear this in mind and give us a call.

F. L. Brown & Co.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—During the past fifteen years 3,500 churches have been built in this country. —Berlin with over 1,160,000 population, has only forty-five places of worship.

—During the past year sixty-one Congregationalist ministers have died in this country, at an average age of sixty-four years.

—The Cornell Memorial of New York City is thought to be the largest Sunday School in the Methodist Church. It has a total membership of 1,448.

—In New York public schools, according to the new regulations, instructions in singing are to be given in every grade except the first grade of boys.

—A gain of sixty-two per cent. the past year is the estimate of the Southern Methodists. Would all the denominations could truthfully report a gain as large.—N. Y. Examiner.

—David Morrice, a merchant of Montreal, has paid \$50,000 for building an addition to the Presbyterian college, which was formally presented recently.

—The Young Men's Christian Association has established branches at Cairo, Beyrouth, Smyrna, Damascus, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Yokohama.—Chicago Herald.

—In the experimental kitchen in the Iowa Agricultural College the girl students are taught the philosophy as well as the practice of cooking. They learn the chemistry and comparative economy of foods, the usual adulterations and the methods of marketing.

—When the Derby Academy at Hingham, Mass., resumed its session after the holiday vacation it was discovered that some one had entered the school-room and distributed six dollars in money in the school-books which were left in the desks. The largest sum which was received by a single scholar was two dollars.—Boston Transcript.

—It is proposed that the centennial anniversary of the peace of 1783 be celebrated by Sunday-schools, colleges and other religious and educational institutions the world over with a "cosmopolitan service," to begin when it is noon in London, Oct. 31. The Cosmopolitan Sunday-school Association has the matter in hand.

Winckney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, Editor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Winckney, as 2d class matter.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

August Stock, one of the large flouring mills at Hillsdale was on the 24th inst., caught in the cog gear of the boiler apparatus in the mill and fearfully injured. Both his arms were crushed from the wrist to the shoulders, and he was otherwise badly bruised about the body. There is slight hope that he may live, as he is young and of strong constitution. He is a man of exemplary habits, and held in the highest esteem by the entire community.

On the evening of February 23, while Mr. and Mrs. Porter Brown, an old couple living in Hartland, 10 miles south of Fenton, were quietly seated in their home, four masked men suddenly burst the door open with a large fence post, grabbed Mr. Brown, gagged him and covered him with a revolver. They then immediately entered the bedroom and procured \$1,500 in bills and \$600 in gold. They seemed very cool and satisfied, and left the old couple bound hand and foot to their bed, where they remained two hours. Mr. Brown found his team partly harnessed, but not removed. Officers are still searching in the matter, but are so far without any clue.

Charles Goresch's drug store and Mrs. A. B. Stevie's millinery establishment at Waldron, Hillsdale county, burned on the night of the 23d, loss \$4,000. It was the work of an incendiary.

In the Cobb murder case, at Kalamazoo, after being out all night the jury disagreed, standing eight to four for conviction. A new trial will be had.

Owosso has a well that becomes too salt for use three or four times a year, and this peculiar custom it has kept up for 30 years.

Dr. Stearns of Grand Rapids, who chased his "cray" sister-in-law through the streets of that city, threw her into a mud hole and had her arrested, has himself been arrested for using unnecessary violence. Mrs. Stearns says her husband choked her sister in the yard when she was trying to get away, "as he did not wish to injure her in any way, and that was the only way to compel her to be quiet."

Michigan built nearly 300 miles of railroad in 1882.

Isaiah Leeh, formerly of Addison, Lenawee county, was killed on February 24th at Whitehouse, Ohio.

Mrs. M. B. Perkins, one of the most estimable ladies of Hudson, fell on the ice while producing concussion of the brain, and is lying in a precarious condition.

Battle Creek people who are opposed to getting water from any of the lakes near the city because it is not pure enough, will be surprised to learn that the water works committee who have been examining the water find that that of Goguc and Willis lakes has a freedom from organic matter that is remarkable, while that from some of the wells on Main street is pronounced unfit for use.

S. E. Walbridge, for years a leading miller in western Michigan, died at his home in Kalamazoo, Sunday, Feb. 25th, in an apoplectic fit. He was 57 years old, and was well known throughout the entire state.

By the burning of Peter Denna's house, in Montague, Muskegon county, three of his children were burned to death, and a Miss Barr, a domestic in the family, was also burned to death. The unfortunate people were so badly burned that the remains had to be taken out on a shovel. The loss will reach \$1,500, with an insurance of only \$300. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Geo. Wolcott, brakeman on the D. G. H. & M. road, fell under the wheels of a train near Ada a few days ago, and was so badly mangled that he died soon after. The deceased was 39 years old, and leaves a wife and three children, who live in Detroit.

Alex. Ferguson, of East Saginaw died on the morning of February 25th, from acute inflammation of the liver, aged 53. He came to Saginaw City in 1849, was a member of the village council and for years an alderman. He ran three times for county treasurer, being elected three years ago, and retiring from office the first of last month. He was also a prominent Oddfellow.

The board of supervisors of Kalamazoo county have voted to submit to the people the question of a new court house to cost \$60,000, or the erection of a fire proof building to cost \$2,500.

The wife of N. A. Phelps, of Dexter, died on February 25th, aged 71. She had been a resident of that place for over 50 years, and was highly esteemed.

Diphtheria and measles have made their appearance in Charlevoix. The buildings containing the sick have been placarded and the residents warned not to leave the premises.

A Marshall saloonist paid \$29.40 a few days ago, for having kept his place open till 3 o'clock in the morning.

Over 75 fatal accidents have been reported from the lumber woods this winter.

A revival of unusual magnitude is in progress at Hillsdale college, and scores of conversions are reported, many of them being from the senior and junior classes.

Michigan supports two asylums for the insane, the united capacity of which is about 1,400 persons. Both asylums are over crowded, and the new asylum at Traverse City is an imperative necessity.

The body of an unknown man about 40 years of age was found on the afternoon of March 1st, by two young men who were hunting near the new cemetery grounds just east of Ionia. He had evidently been lying in the snow for three or four weeks. He was very poorly dressed, the clothing being torn and ragged. There was nothing to indicate the cause of his death other than by freezing.

Mrs. Jerome Leavitt, the wife of a prominent lumber merchant and an old resident of Charlevoix, dropped dead at her home on Friday, March 2, of heart disease.

Judge Mills of Kalamazoo, sentenced H. H. Stearns, alias Henry, to four years in the state prison for perjury in the Cobb case.

Rev. J. Smith of Deerfield, Lenawee county, father of the state oil inspector, died on the 2d inst., from the effects of a broken limb caused by a fall during the icy weather of four weeks ago, aged 81 years.

Howell has raised the necessary \$1,200 bonus in aid of the Detroit and Lansing telephone line, and will soon have all the benefits of telephone communication.

At the annual association of Congregational ministers held in Olivet on the 1st inst., Rev. W. B. Williams read a paper on secular education which attracted much attention. He considered that the certain drift of a secular education was toward infidelity and atheism, and quoted figures from various countries to prove it. He considered religious schools a necessity, or that a system of morals and the principles of religion must be taught in state institutions.

Wm. Kilmer, convicted of the murder of Jacob Goldman, at Newago, has been sentenced to Jackson prison for life, and the sheriff started immediately for that place with his prisoner.

The Huron, the oldest hotel in Harrisville, burned on the 2d inst., the occupants barely escaping with their lives. The fire is supposed to have originated in the kitchen.

Daniel Boyle, a man 60 years old, who lived

alone in a little house in Sandusky near Jackson was found a few mornings ago on the road just west of that city. He was prostrated and insensible. He was taken to the nearest house and died in half an hour. He recently received notice of back pension allowed him amounting to over \$8,000, and it is supposed he got drunk and fell on his way home, and laid out all night. He leaves no family.

Michigan oats weigh 40 pounds to the bushel and grow 100 bushels to the acre when grown in Dakota.

Frank Cobb, the Kalamazoo fratricide, tried to blow up the jail a few days ago by opening the gas pipes and filling the building with gas.

During February 14 prisoners were received at Jackson, of whom two were for murder, of the first degree, and 22 disappeared, of whom two were by pardon and one by escape, leaving a total at the close of the month of 685.

Battle Creek has been under a temperance administration the past year, and some of the arguments of the temperance people are now using why their ticket should be re-elected is that the city is entirely free of all games of chance, and there are but three public billiard tables in the city, with its 12,000 inhabitants.

A showing of the clerical work that has been caused by the senatorial contest a little calculation proves that during the session of the joint committees, Clerk Crossman and Secretary Hoskins, who have done the roll calling have yelled out the names of the members 30,000 times. Of this work the greater part has fallen on Crossman, who has called names 24,500 times.

The Senatorial Election.

MONDAY, Feb. 26.—One light ballot was taken in joint convention, and an adjournment was ordered until to-morrow. The vote stood: Stockbridge, 21; Palmer, 24; Lothrop, 27; Willis, 9; Hannah, 1; Sanford, 1; Ferry, 2; Crosby, 2.

TUESDAY, Feb. 27.—This has been another exciting day in the senatorial contest—perhaps the most exciting one since the first vote was taken. Three sessions of the joint convention were held and the largest number of votes yet taken was the result. Below is given the vote in detail:

THE AFTERNOON VOTES.					
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Whole number of votes.	122	121	121	120	120
Necessary to a choice.	62	61	61	61	61
Thomas W. Palmer.	30	30	30	30	30
Francis B. Stockbridge.	25	25	25	25	25
Geo. V. Lothrop.	14	13	13	13	13
Edwin Willis.	3	2	1	1	1
Moreau S. Crosby.	1	2	1	1	1
Wm. Newton.	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas W. Ferry.	1	1	1	1	1
Perry Hannah.	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas A. Wilson.	1	1	1	1	1
Wm. C. Maybury.	1	1	1	1	1
James B. Angell.	1	1	1	1	1
Charles W. Babcock.	1	1	1	1	1
John W. McGrath.	1	1	1	1	1
George I. Yapple.	1	1	1	1	1
Charles F. Gregory.	1	1	1	1	1
George W. Thompson.	1	1	1	1	1
Archibald McDonald.	1	1	1	1	1
Wm. P. Wells.	1	1	1	1	1
George P. Sanford.	1	1	1	1	1
Charles H. Richmond.	1	1	1	1	1
Nathan Church.	1	1	1	1	1
C. H. Richmond.	1	1	1	1	1
A. C. Maxwell.	1	1	1	1	1
Byron G. Stout.	1	1	1	1	1

THE EVENING VOTES.					
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Whole number of votes.	118	121	121	121	121
Necessary to a choice.	60	61	61	61	61
Francis B. Stockbridge.	33	33	33	33	33
Thomas W. Palmer.	32	32	32	32	32
Edwin Willis.	5	4	4	4	4
Byron G. Stout.	4	4	4	4	4
C. C. Comstock.	3	1	1	1	1
Moreau S. Crosby.	1	1	1	1	1
James B. Angell.	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas W. Ferry.	1	1	1	1	1
Perry Hannah.	1	1	1	1	1
George V. Lothrop.	1	1	1	1	1
Frederick Hanchett.	1	1	1	1	1
Benton Hanchett.	1	1	1	1	1
Wm. A. Moore.	1	1	1	1	1
H. F. McCormick.	1	1	1	1	1
Henry Chamberlain.	1	1	1	1	1
Jane Root.	1	1	1	1	1
Solomon L. Withy.	1	1	1	1	1
N. B. Eldredge.	1	1	1	1	1
Wm. Shakespeare.	1	1	1	1	1
Samuel L. Smith.	1	1	1	1	1
Edward King.	1	1	1	1	1
J. W. Turner.	1	1	1	1	1

THURSDAY, March 1.—The convention was assembled at the usual hour, and the seventh joint vote was taken, resulting as follows: Whole number of votes, 121; necessary to a choice, 60; Thomas W. Palmer, 31; Francis B. Stockbridge, 29; Thos. W. Palmer, 29; Edwin Willis, 9; Moreau S. Crosby, 3; Perry Hannah, 1; Thos. W. Ferry, 1; H. C. Hodge, 3.

After the defeat of motions to adjourn, to take a recess till evening, etc., another ballot was ordered and it resulted thus: Whole number of votes, 118; necessary to a choice, 60; Thos. W. Palmer, 31; Francis B. Stockbridge, 29; Thos. W. Palmer, 29; Edwin Willis, 9; Moreau S. Crosby, 3; H. C. Hodge, 3; Jas. B. Angell, 1; Thos. W. Ferry, 1; Perry Hannah, 1; Capt. Joseph Nicholson, 2. There was a foreboding in the minds of the majority, when the convention assembled again at seven o'clock that the senatorial job would be solved before the convention adjourned. The voting began again at 7:30 o'clock and three votes were taken as rapidly as possible; the results being as follows:

THE AFTERNOON VOTES.					
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Whole number of votes.	121	120	121	121	121
Necessary to a choice.	61	61	61	61	61
Thomas W. Palmer.	31	31	31	31	31
Francis B. Stockbridge.	25	25	25	25	25
Byron G. Stout.	4	4	4	4	4
Moreau S. Crosby.	3	3	3	3	3
Solomon L. Withy.	1	1	1	1	1
Edwin Willis.	1	1	1	1	1
W. D. Fuller.	1	1	1	1	1
Perry Hannah.	1	1	1	1	1
James B. Angell.	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas W. Ferry.	1	1	1	1	1
Charles Upson.	1	1	1	1	1
Henry Chamberlain.	1	1	1	1	1
J. L. Vandewater.	1	1	1	1	1
John Q. Adams.	1	1	1	1	1

Before another vote was taken the name of Col. F. B. Stockbridge was withdrawn, and the 8th joint vote was taken and announced as follows: Whole number of votes, 121; necessary to a choice, 61; Thomas W. Palmer, 40; Byron G. Stout, 38; Moreau S. Crosby, 19; Chas. Upson, 3; Thomas W. Ferry, 3; Henry Chamberlain, 2; Wm. D. Fuller, 2; Marston C. Burch, 1; Seth B. Arnold, 1; Edwin Willis, 1; Perry Hannah, 1; James B. Angell, 1. The last and decisive vote was taken and the wildest excitement. The actual result of the vote was this:

Whole number of votes.	
Necessary to a choice.	61
Thos. W. Palmer.	40
Byron G. Stout.	38
Moreau S. Crosby.	19
Chas. Upson.	3
Thos. W. Ferry.	3
Henry Chamberlain.	2
Wm. D. Fuller.	2
Marston C. Burch.	1
J. W. Champlin.	1

It was noticed that Palmer had a majority of all the Republican votes, and his election was a foregone conclusion. A roll was called and changes in his favor came in thick and fast, until his total vote reached 75, and at 9:30 o'clock Lieut. Gov. Crosby announced the election of Thos. W. Palmer as United States senator. Mr. Palmer soon after appeared, and was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, and in a pleasing happy address he accepted the honors which had been bestowed upon him. Several others followed in well-timed remarks, and after extending a vote of thanks to nearly every one participating in the sessions of the convention that body adjourned.

Legislative Record.

SENATE, Feb. 26.—A bill was passed to amend the charter of the city of Saginaw. A memorial was presented in the form of a resolution adopted by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Reunion held at Otsego, Mich., August 9, 1882, in favor of a State bounty law.

HOUSE.—In committee of the whole, all after the enacting clause, was struck out of the Senate bill to repeal the act which inflicts extra penalties upon the crime of horse stealing. Several petitions were presented, among them one asking for the enactment of a law to permit women to vote at municipal elections. A concurrent resolution was agreed to to adjourn for the 28th, after which the House adjourned.

SENATE, Feb. 27.—The Senate bill to arrange for the taking of the census and statistics of the state in 1884, was referred to the committee of the whole. The following bills passed on third reading: Allowing mutual insurance companies of other states to do business in this state; amending act 253 of the laws of 1881, relative to highways; amending sections 1734-1740 of the compiled laws relative to the public health. All were given immediate effect.

The Senate concurred in the resolution to adjourn until Thursday, March 1st. The following bills were passed: House bill No. 75 to amend section 7 of act 251, approved June 10, 1881, relative to protection of game; joint resolution for the submission of a constitutional amendment to increase the salaries of state officers; Senate bill No. 5 to repeal act 265 of 1881, relative to register of deeds in Shiawassee county. The following bills, having been reported adversely, from the committee, were laid on the table: House bill No. 14 to repeal sections 15 and 19 and to amend section 20 of an act providing for the assessment of property and the levy and collection of taxes thereon; house bill No. 400, to amend section 18 of above act and to add a new section, No. 110; house bill No. 357 to abolish the Law and Medical Departments of the University of Michigan. The resolution of Representative Adams was adopted, calling for a full statement of affairs by co-operative and mutual benefit associations.

SENATE, March 1.—The bill to allow mutual fire insurance companies of other states to do business with this state, was passed on third reading, and the bill given immediate effect. Petitions were presented for the extension to women of the right of suffrage, and all other legal rights now possessed by man; for the substitution of a prohibitory amendment; for amendment of charter of Charlevoix; and a supplementary memorial relating to charges against the Fish Commissioners. The Senate then met in executive session and confirmed a long list of notaries public sent in by the Governor, and after the joint convention the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—A petition was presented signed by a number of school ladies, for a law giving women the privilege of voting at municipal elections; petitions were also presented for the submission of a prohibitory amendment; for the repeal of the conspiracy law; for a law establishing ten hours as a legal day's labor; for a law abolishing the contract system in prisons; for the incorporation of trades unions; against the Poor Commission bill for Wayne county. Bills were passed incorporating Brecksville and detaching territory from Portage, Houghton and Saginaw counties.

SENATE, March 2.—The following were passed on third reading: Senate manuscript incorporating Springfield; House manuscript re-incorporating Dexter; Senate bill 41 incorporating Menominee. All the above were given immediate effect. A memorial of Richmond, Backus & Co., of Detroit, was presented for an amendment of act 168 of 1879, in reference to the publication of reports of the Supreme Court. The petitioners complain that as the Court now stands they have no way of making the publishers of the report sell Richmond, Backus & Co., quantities at wholesale, and they are obliged to purchase copies singly—greatly interfering with the success of their business. Adjourned until Monday evening.

HOUSE.—The bill to incorporate Bancroft, in Shiawassee county, was read. A memorial was presented from the Hon. A. L. Pratt relative to instruction in morality in the public schools, which was ordered printed in the journal. Remonstrances were presented from twenty-eight citizens of Escabe and from thirty-four citizens of Wandorville, against the establishment of a poor commission for Wayne county. Mr. Canby offered the following resolution in regard to the fish commission: "Resolved, That the fish commission exist between the Board of Fish Commissioners and the Superintendents and an investigation of the same is now pending before the legislature with a view to the adjustment of such difficulties."

Resolved, the Senate concurring, That James G. Portman continue to act as superintendent of the trout hatchery at Paris and carry on the work there, and O. M. Chase at the whitedale hatchery in Detroit, as they are now doing, until the completion of a full investigation by the legislature and settlement by the legislature of said controversies. Resolved, further, That it is the sense of the legislature that no person from another state should be placed in charge of the work of hatching and distribution of fish for the inland waters of the state. The resolution was put upon its passage under suspension of the rules; but, after a brief and brisk debate, the preamble and resolution were laid upon the table.

The Nominees.

The first Republican convention ever held in the Saginaw Valley assembled in East Saginaw on Wednesday, February 28. In response to the call a large and enthusiastic delegation assembled. The convention was called for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the supreme court bench, and two regents for the university. The usual committees were appointed, and the regular routine work done, when the convention proceeded to the real business for which it had been called. The nominations for justice for full term were then made, and after the usual eulogistic speeches, three ballots were taken with the following result:

1st ballot		2d ballot		3d ballot	
Total vote.	386	511	580	580	580
Necessary to a choice.	193	256	290	290	290
Charles Upson.	248	277	340	340	340
Amos H. Jones.	238	234	240	240	240
David Arnold.	59	21	20	20	20
Thos. J. O'Brien.	1	1	1	1	1
Mr. McLeod.	1	1	1	1	1
John A. McKim.	1	1	1	1	1
Frank A. Hooker.	1	1	1	1	1
Frank Glidley.	1	1	1	1	1
Wm. Jenkinson.	1	1	1	1	1
W. Loud.	1	1	1	1	1

Amid prolonged and hearty cheers the nomination of Austin Blair was made unanimous. The demonstration which followed his nomination was good evidence of the sincere regard entertained by the citizens of this commonwealth for the war governor.

The convention then proceeded to nominate candidates for the short term, and the ballot taken showed that T. J. O'Brien of Kent county was the successful man. The ballot was as follows:

Whole number of votes.	
Necessary to a choice.	177
Thomas J. O'Brien.	283
Amos H. Jones.	77
Edward Taggart.	42
Geo. S. Clapp.	32
Dan J. Arnold.	27
Chas. Upson.	13

Nominations for regents were then in order. For the first regent the vote stood as follows: Whole number of votes, 549; necessary to a choice, 275. Henry B. Hutchins, 314; James E. White, 222; Theodore Nelson, 77; Joseph C. Jones, 7.

The nomination of Henry B. Hutchins of Macomb was declared unanimous, and the ballot was taken for the second regent with the following result:

Whole number of votes.	
Necessary to a choice.	275
Joseph C. Jones.	383
James E. White.	173
Theodore Nelson.	17
John Rice.	24
H. R. Gase.	15

The senatorial question did not enter into the discussion of the state convention, save in the intervals of business, the feeling being that that question should be left with the legislature. After the usual vote of thanks to members, railroad officers, and others the convention adjourned.

A Prohibition Ticket.

A mass convention of prohibitionists met in Lansing March 1st for the purpose of nominating candidates for justices of the supreme court and regents of the University. A series of appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the following ticket placed in nomination: Judges of the Supreme Court—John M. Tatem, Greenville; D. P. Sargent, Charlevoix; Regents—John W. Ewing, Ionia; Rev. G. S. Hickey, Lansing.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white.	\$ 75	@ 1 08
Flour.	4 65	@ 4 85
Buckwheat.	5 50	@ 6 00
Corn.	57	@ 58
Oats.	42	@ 48
Clover Seed—# bu.	7 45	@ 8 25
Apples # bbl.	2 75	@ 3 25
Dried Apples, # b.	20	@ 24
Butter, # lb.	23	@ 24
Eggs.	20	@ 23
Dressed Chickens.	14	@ 15
Dressed Turkeys.	13	@ 15
Geese.	14	@ 15
Ducks.	14	@ 15
Cheese.	14	@ 15
Potatoes, # bu.	17	@ 18
Honey.	2 30	@ 2 40
Beans, picked.	1 40	@ 1 50
Beans, unpecked.	1 40	@ 1 50
Hay.	9 00	@ 10 00
Straw.	9 00	@ 10 75
Pork, dressed, # 100.	8 00	@ 8 00
Pork, mess.	18 50	@ 18 50
Pork, family.	19 00	@ 19 00
Beef, extra mess.	12 00	@ 13 00
Wood, Beech and Maple.	8 00	
Wood, Hickory.	8 00	
Coal, Egg.	6 25	
Coal, Stove.	6 50	
Coal, Chestnut.	6 75	

Repeal of the Pre-emption Laws.

The sundry civil bill now before congress has a clause repealing the existing law for the pre-emption of public lands. These laws are extensively perverted by speculators who have no intention of occupying the lands entered by them, as was originally contemplated by congress, but make them a means of withholding the land from actual settlement. The repealing clause, however, does not annul the homestead laws, and contains these important provisions: That any person who has heretof

BALLADE OF RHYME.

When blossoms born of balmy spring
Breathe fragrance in the pleasant shade
Of branches where the bluebirds sing
Their hearts with music overglad;
When brooks go babbling through the glade
And over rocks the grasses climb
To greet the sunshine, half afraid,
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

When invitations were a-wing
For gay Terpsichore's parade;
When dreamy waltzes stir the string
And jewels flash on rich brocade;
Where Paris dresses are displayed,
And slippers feet keep careful time;
In winter, when the roses fade,
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

When by your side, with graceful swing,
Some fair-faced, gentle girl has strayed,
Willingly glad to have you bring
Your claims for love and get them paid;
In kisses, smiles, and words that said,
The bells of bliss to better chime;
When Cupid's rules are first obeyed
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

ENVOY.

Reader, forgive me, man or maid,
Against Callopie this crime;
And let this brief ballade persuade
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme.

Century for March.

NAPOLÉON'S THREE WARNINGS.

A Strange Story of the Great Corsican, as Narrated by Fouché.

The celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, some time chief of police to Napoleon, was retained but a short time, it is well-known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix in Provence, and there lived in alliance and ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. On one occasion the company assembled in his salon, heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the Consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old, monarchial habits were revived, one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass, previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearance at the chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could always be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court for the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery where there regularly appeared the form and face of a girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, the brilliant eyes and graceful figure of this young woman caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine, one day, at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up. I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an "émigrée" lately returned, and who was probably desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this, the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of the same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, and Hortense. Beaumarnais, the King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses four in number, and they were harnessed to an open carriage for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive on person, and mounted into the coachman's seat. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the first Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned and insensible condition. Meanwhile the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself and seized the reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning condition. The rest of the party speedily returned to Napoleon, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Looking over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words:

"Do not drive out in your carriage this day."
"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the first Consul aside. "Citizen Consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone, and stopped our drive, we had all been lost."
"How so?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage concealed behind the rear seat, a massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron,

with a slow match attached to it, and kindled. Things had been so arranged, that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees of the Park of Saint Cloud. Fouché must be told of this: Duroc must be warned!"

"Not a word to them," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot only engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the dangers she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Camareres tell none of them, and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The first Consul was then silent for some time.

"Duroc," he said, at length, "you will come to-morrow at mass and examine with attention the young girl whom I shall point out to you."

She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right. Follow her home, and cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police interfere in this matter."

"On the morrow the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the graceful figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, and his confidant, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more."

The summers of Napoleon were spent chiefly at Malmaison—the winters at Saint Cloud and the Tuilleries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of that month which the Republicans well called *Nivose*, and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the midst of the guards about to accompany Bonaparte, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying:

"Citizen Consul, Citizen Consul, read!"
Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as irresistible, saluted the petitioner, stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, madam?" said he inquiringly, and then continued: "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it and see justice done."

"Citizen Consul," cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands.
What she would further have said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterward said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightning.

The Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions: "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed along rapidly. It was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows and the cries of injured passersby. The infernal machine had exploded. Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came, with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out and read these lines:

"In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas."

On reading these words the Consul changed to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the Chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door on the Place Carrousel.

"Go," said he, quietly but quickly, to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuilleries. I must see her, without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus, without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone. No black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Duroc, but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the Consulate succeeded the Empire, and victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its

troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized world. The Isle of Elba became for a few days the most remarkable spot on the globe, and finally the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she had been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest to her appearance even at such a moment.

"Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"
The Emperor took the paper presented to him. He shook his head, and held up the paper to his eyes. After perusing its contents he took it between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman. "Follow the advice! Be warned—it is yet time!"
"No!" replied Napoleon. And, taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling, and kissed the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat which awaited to take him to the vessel. The vessel took him to the barren rock of St. Helena.

And there he died.
Thus of three warnings, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon, if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"
"That," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret. All that is known respecting the matter is that a female related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholas died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon."

The shooting season has set in, and the average boy begins to worry the life out of his parents for a gun, with which, in all human probability, the boy will either cripple himself or somebody else. "Father," said Johnny Fizzle-top, "can't you spare money enough to get me a gun?" "My son when I can spare a boy I'll get you a gun."

The *Fredericktown New Brunswick (Can.) Reporter* says: "Nobody can but admire the persistent enterprise manifested by the owners of St. Jacobs Oil in keeping the name before the public. It received a big 'send off' in the House the other day by the Hon. Mr. Forster, who warned his colleagues in the Government of the danger of Bear Killers receiving two bounties for one nose: the judicious use of the Oil causing rapid growth."

Gold is either the fortune or the ruin of mankind, according to its use.

If there is a person in this country who does not know of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* we hope this paragraph will reach that person's eye and that he will write us for particulars of it. It is more valuable than gold, silver or precious stones.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.

The manufacturers of *Sherrill's Catarrh Condition Powders* inform us that their powders will effectually prevent hog cholera and all other diseases in hogs, and that they will increase the size and weight one quarter.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balm. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person.

He who has the reputation of rising early may sleep till noon.

From Cleveland, Ohio.

Comes a letter signed T. Walker, saying: "About six months ago commenced taking *Burdock Blood Bitters* for protracted case of lumbrago and general debility, and now am pleased to state have recovered my appetite and wanted strength. Feel better altogether."

In the exchange of thought use no coin but gold and silver.

Called to Preach.

We feel called upon to preach a few gospel facts—facts that are worth knowing. We want everybody to enjoy all that is possible in this world. We want all those who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, and all aches, sprains and pains to know that *Thomas' Electric Oil* is an unfailing and splendid cure.

It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends.

Gaillard Rescues.

There can be something heroic in a medicine as well as in individuals. *Burdock Blood Bitters* have effected many a gallant rescue among the suffering sick. Thousands have escaped the miseries of dyspepsia and nervous debility through the use of this wonderful medicine. It is emphatically the best stomach and blood tonic in the world.

You should ask the world's leave before you commend yourself.

Chrysolithon collars and cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed, and do not require ironing.

The only natural hair renewer is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, prepared without distillation or rectification with acids or alkalis, containing no mineral or other poisons, delightfully perfumed and as clear and pure as spring water.

Speaking much and speaking to the point are very different.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and New York railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

When Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady, he remarked that it was behind time.

MENKIN'S PEPTONIZED BEER TONIC, the only preparation of beer containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. (Cassell, Hazan & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.)

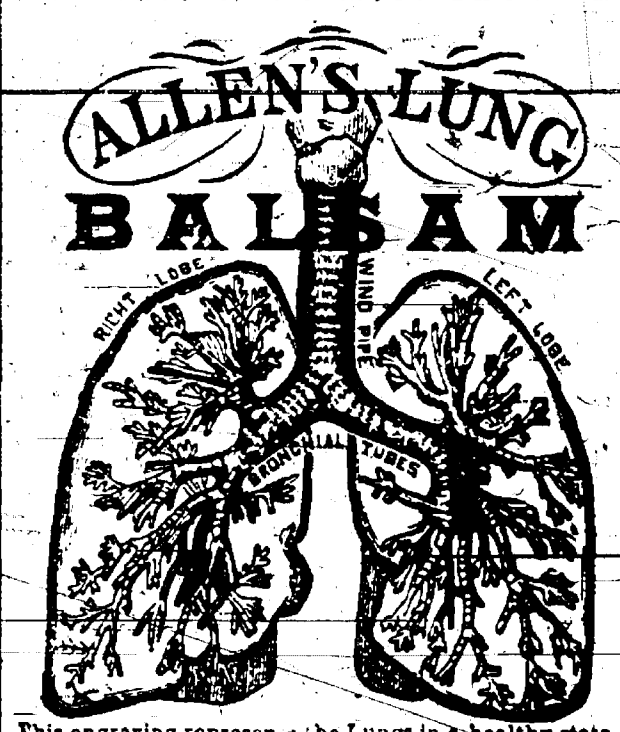
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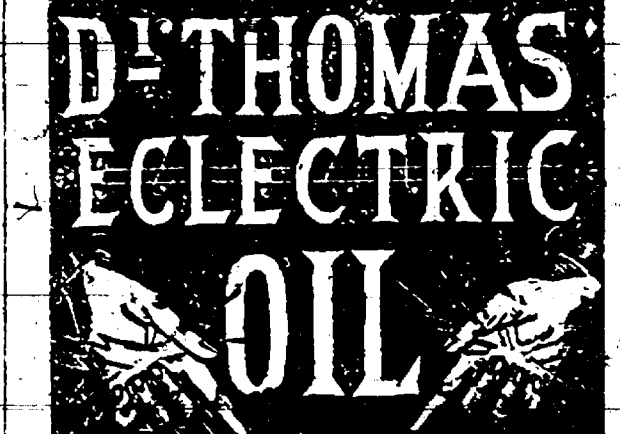
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PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

SAVED.

A TRUE STORY.
She stood beside the iron road,
A little child of ten years old;
She heard two moaning thunders rolled
From north and south, that faintly showed
Danger too fearful to be told.
Near, still nearer, rumbling on,
One train approached with crushing speed;
To her—a child—who stood alone
And voiceless as a rattle snake wood?
A feeble cry she uttered, and stood
Across the track—and then retired.
Her little apron from her side she drew,
And waved it swiftly as she could,
If only she might be expedient.
If only on the hissing track
Of that huge monster, bearing fast,
The engineer his eye might cast
On her, there on the curving track,
And heed her signal ere he passed!
She stands with shout and warning beck;
On comes the train with thundering roar;
The fireman sees—he looks once more—
He sees a little waving apron there,
And slackens, slower moves and slower.
"Hi, little girl, what's all this row?"
"Another train! My dear friend,
It rounds the curve like rattling guns!
Back, back—for I must signal now
The other!" and away she runs.
So by this little maiden's hand
Were hundreds saved from fearful lot;
But when with awe they spoke of what
They had escaped and miracle demand
About the child—they found her not.
For she had vanished through the wood.
None guessed her dwelling place of game
Nor by what means she had escaped,
While home she ran in blithe mood,
Nor knew she had done a deed of fame.
But in the old times they would have said
It was an angel that stood there—
The hood above her golden hair,
A nimbus glowing round a head
With supernatural radiance fair.
The small white apron that she waved
Across the danger zone—
To warn the rushing engines back,
Might have been wings, whose flashing saved
The hundred souls from mortal wreck.
—C. E. Cranch, in *Youth's Companion*.

SANDIE MACPHERSON.

It was my privilege, during the last days of his strangely prosperous career, to see a good deal of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle—"True Thomas," as he was affectionately called by the generation to whom he told so many grim truths. I had gone to him as a literary aspirant, one of the many who, coming up from Scotland to fight for fortune, carried letters of introduction to the great man. The nation delighted to honor him, and, despite his dislike of the literary class generally, he never failed to say a kind word to any young brother Scot who sought his advice. For some reason or other, he took to me, and though so many years his junior I became a frequent visitor at his house and received a great deal of his confidence. It was one winter evening, as we sat alone together in his study—that study which was a very Mecca to literary pilgrims of all nations—that he made the singular confession which I am about to place on record.

Let me explain the matter, as far as possible, in his own words. "I despair of reproducing the peculiar accent and the deep pathetic 'burr' of his voice—which he preserved to the last—as well as certain eccentricities of pronunciation, which I shall not imitate.

"You think me a successful man, and such I allow, is the popular opinion. Well, may be I have been successful beyond my merits, which are small enough. Lord knows, but I should give you a dash with my own self-conceit, the Lord sent Sandie Macpherson to keep me humble."

"It is a humiliating confession to make, but almost at any point of my long career, from the very beginning, the thought of having converted Sandie would have been more precious to me than the admiration of all the rest of the world. Sandie, however, never believed in me from the first. When I published my first book my chief thought was, 'What will Sandie Macpherson think of this?' and when I heard the criticisms, which cut me up like a baggy right and left, I could have been everything but the thought of how he would glow over them, down under his Scotland. I was somewhat consoled and a wee bit hopeful when, some years afterwards, I published my 'History' for the critics, knowing nothing of the subject, praised it to a man, and talked havers (nonsense) about my industry, my originality and my erudition. I cared nothing for the critics, but I said to myself with a smile: 'That's one for Sandie Macpherson, at last!'"

"Perhaps you will be asking who Sandie Macpherson is that I set such store by his good opinion? Well, up till a few months ago you might have seen his name—Alexander Macpherson, as it was given baptismally—over the front of a small grocer's shop in the Gallowgate of Glasgow.

"Sandie and I were schoolfellows. We first met in the Seminary and afterwards we attended the High School. As I mind Sandie now, he was a wee, smug-mouthed, black-aveezed laddie, with eyes like a hawk and a stoop in the shoulders. From first to last he was over at the top of the class. He carried away all the prizes at the Seminary, and when he came to the High School, among lads twice his size, he was 'dux' of the class. Such a memory as he had! It was wonderful, wonderful! He could repeat the whole Latin Delectus with his eyes shut, and he knew the whole of Euclid, when we were pecking (breathing hard) over the Pons Asinorum. The Doctor himself was afraid of him. As for me, where he was dux I was dunce. I had the laws (an instrument of torture, applied to the hands in Scottish schools) nearly every

day from the Doctor, and ever and aye, while I walked in my corner, I could hear the cry: 'Alexander Macpherson, tell Tammas Carlyle how to construe this or that passage in the "Metamorphoses." Sometimes, just to shame us, he was put at the very bottom of the class, and then—Lord, to see him loping from place to place, like one running up a breeze, and then standing, flushed and triumphant, in his old place, at the very top!

"Sandie's father was a small tradesman in Glasgow, and you may be sure he was proud enough of his son. Sandie was ever spick and span, had the best of clothes, and a silver watch and chain given to him by his father on his birthday. His books were like himself—clean, white and neat, with no thumb-marks or dog's-leaves to disgrace the pages. He wrote a beautiful hand, like copper-plate, and in the writing class, as well as the rest, he was *dux*. Well, might he look with scorn on my slovenly dress, my books all thumbed and torn and on my hand-writing, which was ill to make out as heathen Greek. Well, might he be held up to me, as he was, for shining light and an example. "Tammas Carlyle, go out and wash your face; when will ye learn to be tidy, like Alexander Macpherson?" "Tammas, your books are a disgrace; do ye not think shame when ye see the books of Alexander Macpherson?" "For shame, Tammas, for shame; do you ever see Alexander Macpherson sucking black man for a species of Scotch sweetie?" "In the midst of school?" "Tammas, your handwriting is abominable; Alexander, set him a copy yourself, to show him how a lad should write." These were the cries ringing forever in my ears. What wonder if I grew to look on Sandie as a shining being—to be gazed at with admiration and envy, to be imitated with awe and fear?

"It was just the same story when we went to college.

"We met there on our former footing; that is to say, he distinguished himself as usual, while I watched him from a respectful distance. Few words ever passed between us, for we had never been on speaking terms—either in or out of school. But the relationship between us was clearly understood. Sometimes as he passed me in the street, wearing grandly his red college gown and his college hat, while I crept along with my gown on my arm, he would give me a patronizing nod, that was all. We began Greek and moral philosophy under the same professors. It was the old story. He was the pet pupil of both. He drank in learning like his mother's milk. From the first Greek to the second and third I followed him laboriously—as a clumsy fledgling follows the flight of some splendid eagle, whom it seeks to emulate in vain.

"After we left college I lost sight of him for some years. I believe he might have received a bursary and gone to Oxford, but his father, proud as he was of his attainments, did not want to spoil him for trade, and withdrew him before he had completed his course. I myself took to pupil-teaching, having not yet decided to try my fortune in literature.

"But one day, fired by sudden enthusiasm, I wrote a long letter to the Glasgow Herald on some question of the day. It was printed next morning in all the glory of large type and signed 'Thomas Carlyle.' It was the proudest day of my life, but, alas! it was destined to be overclouded. Towards afternoon I entered a coffee-shop and saw in the compartment next to me, his head buried in the paper, a human figure. The paper was the *Herald*, open at the page containing my letter. I sat blushing with all the pride of fresh-blown authorship. Presently the face looked up, and I saw to my surprise my old school-fellow, Sandie Macpherson. Our eyes met but his stony orbs gave no sign of recognition. Then he turned to the paper again and smiled! Yes, he was reading my letter. It might, astonish the public but it could not impose upon him. There were Latin and Greek quotations in it and fragments of moral philosophy; how ashamed I felt of them as I saw them come under his baleful eye! He smiled again, placed down the paper, paid his reckoning and walked out of the shop without a word. I went home a miserable man. I might put on grand airs before the public, but one man knew my measure, and that man was Sandie Macpherson.

"It was no use, arguing with myself that the man was an idiot; that although he was glib at flapping what was taught him, he had neither talent nor originality. The memory of those early days haunted me like a shadow.

"I am not going to weary you—and myself—with a history of my literary struggles till I conquered the book-taster, the magazine editor and the publisher, and became a recognized producer of the popular literary article. Years passed away. In the course of years I emigrated to London on the invitation of John Mill, the philosopher. Then I published my first book, and, as I have told you, it was a failure. I retrieved myself by my second, which was about half as good and not near so earnest as the first. I still had Glasgow and Sandie Macpherson in my mind when I failed or succeeded, but in course of time the impression grew dimmer and dimmer. It was one fine day that John Mill returning from the North, where he had been lecturing on some political subject, spoke to me as follows:

"By the way, Carlyle, I met an old school-fellow of yours in Glasgow."
"Ay, indeed?" I said, feeling the blood mount to my face in a moment.
"A man named Macpherson, a small tradesman, and a member of the local club which took me down. A prosy fellow, and very sarcastic. He amused me very much with his dry reminiscences

of your school-days and seemed greatly astonished that you had made any mark in the world."

"I forced a laugh, but I felt hot and cold all over.

"Do you remember him?" proceeded Mill. "He remembers you wonderfully." "I am not sure," I returned with a cold shiver. "I believe there was a lad of that name in the class with me, but I've almost forgotten him. It's—it's a long time ago."

"Hypocrite that I was! Did John Mill know that I was lying? He looked at me for some moments with an amused smile, as if he were calling up some queer reminiscence; and I—could have brained him. Some little time after that John Mill and I fell out. He wrote a criticism of Buckle's "History of Civilization." I handed the same book next quarter and turned Mill's arguments inside out in no very complimentary fashion. Mill was a sensitive man, and a while after that he cut me dead in the street. We made it up afterwards, but were never the same as before. Till the day of his death I never gave him any explanation. I cared no more for Buckle or his arguments than for that fly on the wall, Buckle, indeed—the poor, silly, over-crammed Cockney gowk! The real cause of my attack on John Mill was anger and irritation. Sandie Macpherson, again, was at the bottom of it all!

"A year or so after this I went down to Glasgow on business. By that time I had made a name for myself and my visit caused a stir in the city. I stayed with the North-West, a silly man, with a sugary taste for philosophy. After a few days I grew very weary of being lionized for nearly every day there was a grand dinner and I was bored to death with the admiration of daff folk of both sexes. One forenoon as I was wandering about the streets looking at the old houses and eating to mind the places I had known when a lad, I passed down the Gallowgate and saw the name of 'Alexander Macpherson' over a small grocer's shop. Now, I was in a sympathetic mood that day; the contemplation of old scenes and the thought of the kindness of my countrymen had touched my heart, and it melted suddenly at the name of my old school-fellow. Could it possibly be the same? Before I knew what I was doing I had entered the shop.

"Yes, I was right. There, standing behind the counter, was Sandie, himself, older, grimmer, but neat and clean as usual. As I entered he was measuring out a pound of moist sugar for a bare-footed servant lassie in petticoat and short gown.

"Mr. Macpherson?" I said, when he had done.

He looked up and our eyes met. I saw in a moment that he recognized me, but he remained grim and granite and his eye was cold as ice.

"That's my name," he replied.

I smiled, and prepared to hold out my hand.

"I think we were schoolmates together. My name is Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle. Do you mind remembering me?"

He looked at me from head to foot. His eye rested on my old cloak, my broad-brimmed hat, and he nodded darkly, as he replied:

"I mind ye well enough. Can I serve ye with anything?"

"Nothing, thanks; only I was passing and I thought I should like to remind you of our old acquaintance."

"As I spoke, Sandie proceeded leisurely with his business behind the counter—opened his tin and looked into it; took down a piece of loaf-sugar and began breaking it into small portions. He gave a sort of grunt as he finished my address to him and nodded again; then, after a pause, while I stood, hesitating, he observed quietly, surveying me critically from head to foot:

"You're staying up, in London, I hear?"

"Yes."

"You're what they call a leterary man, no?"

"Just so," I replied, smiling good-naturedly, but feeling rather ashamed.

"Atweel," said Sandie, reflectively, as he swept up his pieces of sugar and put them into a large jar, "atweel, London's a big place and they call it the centre of civilization; but—hem—hem—shut the lid of the jar sharply—"Many things please the folk in London that wouldna gang down in Glasgow."

"What he meant I could hardly gather; it was a mere general reflection, but I felt somehow that it had a personal application. A long pause ensued. I stood awkwardly waiting in front of the counter, but Sandie did not seem inclined for further conversation. At last, feeling rather uncomfortable, I determined to put an end to the interview.

"Well, I'll wish you good morning," I said, moving to the shop door.

"Good morning," granted Sandie, not raising his eyes from his desk and ledger, to which he had just gone.

I walked out of the shop, indignant at the man's imperiousness. Glancing back from the pavement I saw Sandie's face quietly regarding me over his ledger—and smiling—just as it had smiled when I saw him reading my first effort in literature. He was certainly quite irreconcilable.

"About this period of my career, as you may remember, I was particularly severe in my writings on the British Philistine and on the sordid, self-conceited, money-grabbing secularity of the trading classes in this country. I denounced the hypocrisies of Sodom and the flesh-pots of Gomorrah. The press took up my cry, and Philistinism had a bad time of it. Poor devils, they thought that I had a grievance against society. Nothing of the kind. I was only trying to have my revenge on Sandie Macpherson!"

For, wroth as I might against him, the man had mastered me. Folk might compare me to John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, they might say

that I had come to preach honesty and independence, pure living and high thinking, to a rotten generation, but Sandie Macpherson knew better. Sandie saw through me. It was no use posing as a great thinker and teacher before him. I minded his words: "Many things please the folk in London that wouldna gang down in Glasgow." It was humiliating, to say the least of it. Much as I despised the fellow, his attitude of invincible stupidity was something Titanic. To the bedside of the heathen Emperor's slave used to come each morning, saying, "Philip, remember you must die!" To my bedside, for many a day came the spirit of Sandie, saying: "Thomas Carlyle, remember you're a poor creature, and I know it!"

"I thought to have my revenge on Sandie; at last, they made me Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

"More proud and exultant than you can think, I went down to my natal city to deliver the rectorial address. I was an old man by this time, and had a great name all over the world. Such a reception as they gave me! As I stood in the large hall, with the professors and citizens around me, the students in their thousands cheering me, fine ladies in the galleries smiling down upon me, I felt that I had reached the height of my ambition. I addressed them like a man inspired. I spoke of my early days, my struggles, my fondness for the country of my birth, and I was in the middle of a splendid peroration, when all of a sudden I became conscious of a man's face looking quietly up at me. One man's face, in all that sea of faces! But I knew it only too well—grim, cold, hard as granite, yet with a kind of phrygian smile upon it—whose face could it be but the one I had dreaded all my life? The words went out of my head, and I ended feebly, sitting down into my chair with a sigh of relief when I had finished.

The next day there were columns in the papers; and in the course of the long report something to this effect: "At this point of discourse, alluding to his early days in this city, Mr. Carlyle was visibly affected. His emotion was touching to witness; and he almost broke down; but amid the loud cheering of his enormous audience he at last concluded his magnificent address." "Visibly affected," indeed!—and "touching emotion!" They little knew that my speech was nearly ruined by the sinister influence of Sandie Macpherson!

The great man paused, half amused, half angry at the remembrance of his old experience. Reaching out his hand, he took down a pipe from the mantle-piece, filled and lit it, and smoked for some minutes in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the fire. I was watching him, seventh and wondrously. At last he broke the silence.

"I never saw Sandie again after that. About a year ago, however, an old friend, a minister of the kirk, coming on a visit from Glasgow, informed me that my former school-fellow, who was one of his congregation, had recently died. My friend had been with him frequently during his last illness. I asked, not without anxiety, if the poor fellow had still remembered me.

"My friend smiled."

"O, yes, he remembered you well," he replied, "and only a few days before his death he spoke about you."

"Indeed! and what did he say, I said, carelessly."

"Shall I give you his very words?" asked my friend, laughing merrily.

"Certainly."

"They're telling me," he said, "that Carlyle has just written another book. Lord, minister, surely the world has gone clean daff! What can folk go in such a silly humph-floo as you?"

"So he has passed away," concluded the old philosopher, and now, whatever happens to me, I know that my career must be considered a failure, for the one dream of my existence—to make an impression on Sandie Macpherson—has been rendered impossible for ever."

Robert Buchanan, in *Belgravia*.

A Physician's Conclusion.

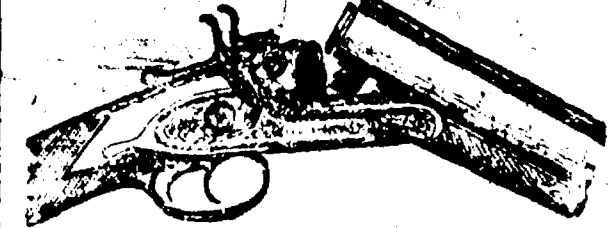
Among the papers left behind him by a German physician, who died a few weeks ago, is one containing notes of certain conclusions he had arrived at during a professional experience of more than forty years. In one of these notes he expresses an opinion that at least a third of the illness of the patients who sought his advice were purely imaginary.

He found it not only against his own interest, but also against that of the self-supposed sufferers, to destroy the illusion by informing them that there was really no cause for anxiety. It

health was to them a matter of almost vital importance. To destroy the pleasing belief that they possessed this blessing was an absolute cruelty. In the few instances in which he broke to them the terrible truth that they were quite well, he found that the result was genuine illness. For the patients, all interest in life departed with their favorite occupation of nursing themselves, and their health became seriously affected by nervous depression. He also found that, as a rule, weakly persons live longer than strong ones. Without going so far as to say that the best lives are those rejected by the insurance offices, he thought, nevertheless, that persons with a screw loose more often attain longevity than those in whom no trace of disease can be detected.

When a man "mysteriously disappears," nowadays his friends don't begin dragging the river or casting around for a murderer until it is known how his books stand and how much money he has borrowed. —*Detroit Post*.

Lemon juice is preferred to vinegar by many eaters and lovers of raw oysters.



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OUR NEIGHBORS.

MARION.

From our Correspondent.

James Burden, a young man, from Marion, while working in the north woods near Alcona, had his leg badly crushed by the falling of a log.

Bert Francis returned to Marion last Tuesday. Bert has been residing in the pine forests of the North for the past winter.

The site of the new Methodist Church has not as yet been definitely located.

A surprise party was given at the residence of John Chalker. The guests enjoyed a good time.

The literary exercises of the Putnam and Unadilla Lyceum were well conducted; the oration on the subject of education was excellent.

Examination of history class in Dist. No. 2, results as follows: Andrew Van Patten, 92; Frank Bailey, 81; Emily Smith, 95; Emma Clark, 78, per cent. E. L. M.

HOWELL.

From our Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sykes, of Pinckney, spent last Sabbath here. Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Jas. White, of East Saginaw, were in town one day last week.

Dodgers for G. Paul Smith's impersonations are out, two entertainments will be given in the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday, of next week.

A most successful Masquerade Social was held at H. N. Beache's residence last Friday evening. There were from fifty to seventy-five maskers present, and as many more spectators. Every costume was a praiseworthy one.

An alarm of fire was sounded Sunday morning, which interrupted services in all the churches. A stove pipe became disjoined in the garret of the "Old Whipple Block," causing smoke to pour from every crevice in the roof, and giving the old landmark the appearance of being all afire inside. The fire engine was brought out, but was not needed, as the fire was all in the stove.

A larger number of real estate exchanges are reported in this vicinity than for years before. Peter Gill, for a number of years the popular "Super-visor of Genoa Township," has sold his farm and will soon move on a farm near Ypsilanti.

Charter Election last Monday, again stirred up the old feuds in politics, making the election an exciting one. The ticket elected is as follows:

President, Wm. W. Kenyon; Assessors, Horace G. W. Fry; Recorder, Patrick Hammell; Trustees, John V. Gilbert, Ed. C. Sweet, John W. Wright, T. B. Knapp and Chas. A. Wood.

From the Democrat.

The Baptist Sunday School has placed \$100 worth of new books in its library.

The leading features of the High School entertainment, which occurs at the Opera House, March 31st, will be the five-act play, "Under the Laurels," also the comic opera, entitled "King Alfred," costumes to suit ye olden times.

Porter Brown and wife, living in Hartland township, just south of Parrishville, were victims of the heaviest robbery that has been perpetrated in this county for years. On Friday night about eight o'clock, as the aged couple were quietly seated in their home, four masked men suddenly burst open the door with a large fence post. Mr. Brown was instantly seized by one of the men, thrown violently upon the floor and held; his wife was seized in a similar, though not as harshly by another of the gang, while the other two men entered the bed room and took \$1,800 in bills and \$900 in gold concealed therein. They seemed to know the place; did not ask where the money was, but found it in a few moments. After obtaining their booty the robbers stripped Mr. Brown and put him with his wife in bed, and tying their hands and feet together, left. The men were in the house about an hour altogether, and seemed to take the matter very coolly. After considerable difficulty Mrs. Brown succeeded in partially releasing her husband by untying the rope around his hands with her teeth, which enabled him to rescue them both from their uncomfortable position; after which an alarm was given and men sent in pursuit of the robbers, but as yet no clue has been obtained of their whereabouts. As a sequence to this robbery it can only be laid to Mr. Brown's folly in keeping so much money in his house—a fact which was generally known. We understand that he has been robbed once before. That ought to have been a lesson to him; maybe this will.

From the Republican.

The Howell telephone will be in operation about the middle of April or first of May. The central office will be located in the drug store of Dr. Hutton & Son. A number of private boxes will be put up about town.

Mrs. Will W. Holt died quite suddenly at her home near Elmwood Station, on Friday last week. Her remains were brought to Howell. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church,

yesterday, being conducted by the Rev. Wm. Smith. A bereaved husband and two small children survive her.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

We have been informed that Harry I. Phelps has purchased the old Mrs. Hall farm.

Milo Terry of Webster township has sold all of his farming utensils, and is contemplating moving to the Pacific coast very soon.

The bumper load of wheat this season was brought into town Wednesday, by J. V. N. Gregory. One hundred and five bushels was the amount.

A. R. Beal and family have gone to Ann Arbor to take charge of the St. James Hotel until the proprietor, R. A. Beal, can rent it.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Excelsior.

Diphtheria scare has about abated. Mr. Peck, of Ionia, has lately been engaged as baggage man at the D. L. & N. depot of this village.

Several cases of diphtheria is reported outside the village.

Benjamin Harveshaw, who has been very sick with the same disease that resulted in the death of his sister and two brothers, is now pronounced by the attending physician out of danger.

A donation party of no small magnitude occurred at the M. E. church parsonage, Wednesday night, for the benefit of Rev. M. W. Gifford.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

John Lamport was examined by Justice Frueauff on Monday, on a charge of burglary at Neuhoof's store, last Wednesday night, and bound over to the circuit court in the sum of \$500.

Donaldson & Myers, of Detroit, are busily engaged in preparing plans for the school-house in the sixth ward. The specifications will call for a brick building instead of stone as at first designed.

Five hundred and twenty-two students have registered in the Literary Department this year. Eighteen have entered since the first of January.

Mrs. J. M. Chase will open a private school for children at the corner of Williams and Thompson street next Monday.

Mr. Harrison Soule, the treasurer of the University, has been elected Grand Master of the Michigan Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

Vett Armstrong, formerly known as "Graphic" and a resident of Ann Arbor, also a member of the medical class of '78 (Homoeop.), is now following the profession of a portrait artist in Detroit, where his use of crayon is fast bringing him to the front ranks of fine art.

Last Sunday, one of the classes in one of the schools was without a teacher, so the place was supplied by a young college graduate, who proceeded at once to edify them. Among other things, he explained to them that Canon Kingsley was so called because he was a big gun. The lesson, which was about Annanias and Sapphira, told how when Annanias dropped dead he was wound up and taken out. The teacher's commentary on this was that "after he was wound up he didn't run any more." The young man made a big hit, and hereafter will be in great demand.—Ann Arbor Courier.

EUGENE MARKEY, of Pinckney, in the Coleman district and Mr. Brock of Parrishville in the Lake school, both lads of seventeen years, have surely proven their ability to instruct and govern, not only their juniors but those whose years outnumbered their own.—Howell Republican.

DONALDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED POCKET
VAPORIZING
INHALER,
For the safe and speedy cure of
CATARRH,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, HEADACHE, LUNG DIFFICULTIES, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE AIR PASSAGES.

Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty throughout the United States and Canada.

The want of a more perfect instrument for administering medicines by inhalation has long been felt by the medical profession and the afflicted public. Such an instrument is recognized in the Donaldson's Pocket Vaporizing Inhaler. Its use is not confined to one medicine for the cure of all diseases, but is adapted to the administration of such remedies as the case may require, and as the physician may determine.

For the home treatment of Catarrh and Colds, they are invaluable.

SOLD ONLY AT
WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

"THE BEE HIVE"

IS NOW FILLED WITH

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF THE LATEST

AND MOST ELEGANT STYLES OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

RUBBERS ETC.

which we are offering at the lowest possible prices. No one who wishes to buy a really first class article in this line can afford to pass us by.

W. B. HOFF,

PINCKNEY, MICH.

West of the Globe Hotel, Main Street.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,

At the old store one door east of Mann's Brick, with a good stock of general

HARDWARE

STOVES, TINWARE, PAINTS,

OILS AND VARNISHES A SPECIALTY.

Also exclusive agents for the sale of

GALE PLOUGH AND REPAIRS,

ALFRED WISE'S LANSING DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS AT FACTORY PRICES.

PERKINS WIND MILLS, AND
DRIVE WELLS

Put up cheap for cash.

WINCHELL'S

DRUG STORE

West Main St. Opposite Globe Hotel,

PINCKNEY,

MICH.

A full line of

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

Chemicals,
Toilet Articles,
Perfumery,
Fine Confectionery,
Cigars. Smoking Tobacco

Stationery, tc.

Goods are all fresh and new. Prices are always reasonable. We hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. Call and see us.

E. A. MANN,

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

Clothing, Groceries,

And everything usually found in a first-class stock of General Merchandise. Prices as low as you will find in Livingstone County. Customers, old and new, are cordially invited to call and see me.

At the old stand, East Main Street.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

DR. KERMOTT'S

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.



ACT WITHOUT PAIN.

MANDRAKE PILLS,

CURE Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.—Without a particle of doubt, Kermott's Pills are the most popular of any on the market. Having been before the public for a quarter of a century, and having always performed more than was promised for them, they merit the success that they have attained. Price, 25c. per box. For sale by all druggists.

NEW CASH STORE.

The new Drug and Grocery Store of

C. E. HOLLISTER

is filled to its utmost capacity with

DRUGS,

Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Druggists' Sundries, Etc.

IN GROCERIES

We carry a full line of Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices ground and unground, Dried Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco of the choicest brands. We carry a choice line of roasted Coffees, and grind them to order. We make a specialty of Teas. Give us a trial, and we will try and make it to the advantage of the citizens of Pinckney and vicinity to give us a share of their patronage. Yours for the future,

C. E. HOLLISTER.

PINCKNEY

FLOURING & CUSTOM MILLS

GRIMES & JOHNSON, Proprietors, wish to make known to their old and new customers that they are now prepared to do better work of all kinds in their line of business than ever before. Their mills having been thoroughly refitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers to load sheds for teams in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand over 5,000 bushels of dry, sound red and white wheat from which they make the best grade of flour, warranted. They grind no grown or musty wheat except for customers—and then it is ground on separate stone and bolted through separate bolts. Those buying flour of them will get do good dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grown or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. They also have separate bolts for buckwheat. Corn shelled with one of Hutchinson's new improved Dustless Iron Corn Shellers, without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsettled accounts with them at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

AGENTS WANTED.

Western Newspaper Subscription Agency Wholesale subscription agents for American and Foreign newspapers, magazines, etc. Newsdealers, Bookbinders, Postmasters, Assistant Postmasters, Publishers, and Newspaper Agents are invited to send us orders at wholesale prices and for catalogue of books, papers, etc. Any book published furnished to agents at wholesale prices. Correspondence solicited. Address: WESTERN NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY, PINCKNEY, MICH.

FARM FOR SALE.

A valuable farm of about eighty acres lying partly within the village of Pinckney, Michigan, is offered for sale on easy terms. Apply to or address: J. N. HILL, PLAINWELL.

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street east of Howell Street, and 6 lots on Howell north of Main Street, for business purposes only. These lots are of a good size, and are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to JAMES PEARSON, PINCKNEY, MICH.

Desirable lots for sale.

A few desirable business lots for sale at reasonable prices. Enquire of CHRISTIAN BROWN,

at the Blacksmith shop.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

The finest residence in the village of Pinckney, on Howell and Main St. For sale cheap. For particulars address W. H. CAFFEY, East Saginaw, Mich.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following property: House and lot, small shop, office building and other property in Pinckney. Also farm of 180 acres (125 improved), adjoining the village, and interest in improved water power formerly used for the Reeves mill. For prices, terms, etc., apply to or address: F. G. ROSE, PINCKNEY.

FARM FOR SALE.

A fine farm of 140 acres, 20 acres of good timber, a good barn, two good basement barns, good orchard, eighty rods from schoolhouse, 1/2 mile northwest of Pinckney and 2 miles north of Grand Trunk extension. It is all well fenced and under good cultivation. JOHN LAKIN, PINCKNEY.

HOTEL FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Globe Hotel at Pinckney, partly furnished, with accommodations for 75 guests, and now doing splendid business. Has ball room, also billiard room and other amusements. Bars to accommodate 50 horses. Will be sold on any reasonable terms. Or for lease from April 1st. Parties wishing to purchase or rent will apply to F. Reason.

Air and Seas on Venus.

Among the items of news received respecting the recent transit have been some which have little bearing, or none, on the question of the sun's distance, yet are full of interest to those who wish to learn something of the real condition of other planets than our own. We have been apt, perhaps, to regard Venus in transit more as an adjunct to our telescopic measuring instruments (micrometers, heliometers, and so forth,) forgetting how much interest attaches to the passage of a world like our own (in all probability) between us and the source of our light and heat. But even the telescope scrutiny of a planet so situated is likely to reveal much that is instructive, if carefully studied; while, with so wonderful an instrument of research as the spectroscopic we may hope to learn such things about Venus or Mercury in transit as men a century ago would have deemed hopelessly beyond our means of investigation. Fortunately, these inquiries have not wholly been overlooked during the late transit, though the observations for determining the sun's distance have occupied so large a share of attention, at least among official astronomers.

The most important of these physical inquiries are those relating to the atmosphere of Venus; and of these the most promising are those directed to her appearance during the few minutes when nearly but not the whole of her disk is on the face of the sun. If we place ourselves in imagination at that point of Venus' surface which, as seen from the earth at such a time, lies farthest from the solar disk, it will be manifest on a little consideration that from that point no part of the sun can be visible unless Venus has an atmosphere. But if Venus has an atmosphere like our own, then from the point we are considering a large part of the sun's disk must be visible, being raised into view by the refractive power of that atmosphere, precisely as our sun when in a geometrical sense he has set (that is, when a straight line from the eye to him encounters the convexity of the earth) is brought wholly into view by atmospheric refraction. Only part (about four-fifths) of the sun of Venus would be brought into view in this way, supposing her air of the same refractive power as ours, simply because the sun, as seen from Venus, looks larger than as seen from the earth, while the refractive effect (on this supposition) would be no greater. But, still, a large portion of the solar disk would be visible were there no clouds over that part of Venus. Now, an observer on earth, directing his sight to that point of Venus, is looking along precisely the same visual line toward the sun as our supposed observer on the planet, only from a greater distance. The terrestrial observer, then, would see the sun in the direction of his visual line toward that part of Venus, as certainly as the observer on Venus would, and for the same reason, he would see the sun through the refractive action of the planet's atmosphere. It follows that, supposing Venus to have an atmosphere like that of our earth, and still more if, as other observations have tended to show, Venus has an even denser atmosphere, light—real but refracted sunlight—would come to the terrestrial observer around that part of the convexity of Venus' disk. And it is clear, further, that the whole of that part of Venus' circumference which lies outside the sun would, on this supposition, be surrounded by an arc of light; whereas, if Venus has no atmosphere, or an atmosphere very much rarer than the earth's, no such arc of light would be seen.

Now, during the transit of 1874, not only was such an arc of light visible around the part of Venus which was outside the sun's disk, before the first internal contact and after the second, but this arc was photographed. The significance of this will be seen when we remember that photographs of the sun must be taken with very short exposures, otherwise the image is destroyed by excess of light. Janssen has obtained good pictures of the sun three feet in diameter, with an exposure of less than the two-thousandth part of a second, and although in 1874 the exposures were nothing like so short as this, they lasted much less than a second. If, during this short exposure, the arc of light round Venus left its photographic record, we may be sure it was very much brighter light than that of Venus herself as we see her when she is a morning or evening star. It was, in fact, as certainly sunlight as that which we receive from the setting sun when the air is at its clearest. Thus we have in this photographic record proof positive that Venus has an atmosphere with a refractive power not falling much short, if it do not equal or even exceed, that of our own air.

During the recent transit this observation was repeated, with results not precisely the same, yet perfectly accordant with those obtained in 1874, and even to the thoughtful mind more especially interesting. The arc of light was not perfect, but broken near the middle, so that only two fine horns of light could be seen, extending from either cusp of the solar disk (that is, from the two corners, so to speak, where the outlines of the sun and Venus intersected). These horns of light were unequal in length. We learn from the inequality of these horns that the atmosphere of Venus is of variable transparency, like that of our earth. Over that part of Venus where the longer horn was seen, the atmosphere was (at the time) clearer than where the shorter arc was seen. But, remembering that in 1874 the arc of light was complete, we may go further, recognizing that at different times, as well as in different places, the atmosphere of Venus varies in condition. And when we consider what happens in the case of our own earth, we need not be surprised to find that the arc of sunlight should be complete, sometimes incomplete, and some-

times altogether absent. We have already put an observer, in imagination, on the surface of Venus; let us now imagine the earth itself put in Venus' place at the time of the transit. If the air changed to be cloudless, what we have considered would happen—the sun would be visible through the refractive power of the earth's atmosphere, round that part of the convexity of the earth which was outside the solar disk (viewed as we view Venus in transit). But if the air were cloudy over that part of the earth's convexity, the sun would not be seen there, and the arc of light would be either wanting altogether or incomplete. For it is to be observed that the greater part of the refractive action of the earth's atmosphere is exerted below the level at which the higher clouds appear, and a very important part below the level even of the cumulus clouds. Evidence is not wanting to show precisely what happens when our earth comes between a heavenly body and the sun. We obtain such evidence during total lunar eclipses, in which sometimes the disk of the moon continues to shine with a bright red light, really such light as we get from the setting sun, while on other occasions (doubtless when the earth's atmosphere is heavily laden with clouds) the moon's disk is entirely lost to sight during total eclipses.

Thus, then, we can safely infer that the incompleteness of the arc of light around Venus on the 6th was due to clouds in the air of Venus. Spectroscopic analysis indicated the presence of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere of Venus at that time. Hence, beyond all doubt those clouds were, like ours, clouds of water-drops, or cirrus clouds of ice particles. It follows that Venus must have seas like ours; that the same kind of material vitality which is shown on the earth in meteorological phenomena exists also on Venus; but whether for the benefit of living creatures there no man can safely say.—*London Times.*

Dangerous Funeral Appliances.

The possible agency of the undertaker in disseminating infectious diseases is not sufficiently regarded by health authorities. In many places public funerals are prohibited in cases of infectious disease, yet they are the rule rather than the exception the country over.

When the funeral services are held in private houses, it is a common thing for the undertaker to provide chairs or camp stools for the multitude. These are carried from house to house, and are liable to become carriers of infection. Some careful undertakers may take the trouble to disinfect such appliances in all cases of possible infection; but we doubt its being done very generally.

The ice-boxes, in which the dead are laid until the time of burial comes, are still more liable to carry the germs of disease. The ice-boxes are costly, are seldom renewed, and are scarcely more frequently disinfected. That they are a source of public peril is gradually becoming recognized by physicians and Boards of Health; and not a few have taken an interest in the devising of means for their displacement. The most promising substitute is the injection of preserving fluids into the circulatory system. Quite a number of prominent undertakers in this city and Brooklyn are reported as having adopted the new plan. Demonstrations of the process of injecting preservative fluids have been made in the dead house of Bellevue Hospital. No mutilation of the body is required further than the opening of an artery for the injection of the fluid. There are several fluids which answer for the purpose, and the cost of embalming is said to be little if any greater than the charge for the use of an ice box.

A careless embalmer may still be a carrier of infection, but it would seem to be easier to enforce precautionary measures in the case of a man than with the bulky and variously exposed ice-box, which may hold in succession the victims of every sort of disease.—*Scientific American.*

Singular Recovery of a Lost Ring.

Several months ago a lady residing on Beacon Street took off a number of rings from her fingers and laid them upon the dressing table. After washing her hands she returned to the room to replace her rings, when to her astonishment one of them, a diamond ring, was missing. She was certain that she took the ring from her finger, and equally certain that no one could have entered the room without her knowledge during the five minutes she had been in the bathroom. A most rigid search was instituted, but the missing ring, valued at \$200, was not found. A few weeks since the lady was much annoyed by mice. Almost nightly they held their revels. They not only destroyed her sleep, but choice lace were mutilated. The lady procured a trap, one of the old-fashioned kind, and having baited it with a tempting bit of cheese, placed it near the scene of depredations. On the following morning she had three fine silky mice of various sizes. One of them was so peculiarly constructed that it attracted her attention, as it appeared to have a string tied around its body. The servant girl was instructed to drown the captives and reset the trap, and she was about throwing the dead mice into the dirt barrel when her eye was attracted by a sparkle from what proved to be the lost diamond ring, which was not perceptible when the mouse was alive, but which came to light after the severe soaking which the mouse received. It is supposed in his haste to get away that he ran his head through the ring, and subsequent struggles only forced it over his forelegs, where it remained. This is a tough story, but we give it as it was told.—*Boston Journal.*

The country is estimated to be from three to four hundred million dollars richer than it was a year ago.

Oscar's Welcome Home.

The London press received the great sun-flower Oscar Wilde on his return from America with sneers and derision. They speak of him as a played-out humbug. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said that "although his mission is an admitted failure he has been allowed to leave the United States in peace." Then quoting Mme. Nilsson's remark that in England Mr. Wilde did not appear clad as he did in America because "that would not be tolerated there," the *Pall Mall* added with almost brutal directness: "In this the songstress does wrong to the measureless toleration of contempt which prevails in this country. Except the little street boys no one would take any notice of the way in which Mr. Wilde was clad, so long as he condescended to be clad at all." From the *St. James' Gazette* he received even harsher treatment. The editor hoped that Mr. Wilde would profit by the melancholy failure of his visit, for "not to put too fine a point on it, he has been laughed at all through the States," and that on his return he would "fall into the hands of other ladies as sensible and as chastening to his ignoble spirit as Mme. Nilsson. For from women alone is his hope of salvation. Men, who are often rather brutally contemptuous of such creatures as Mr. Wilde will have nothing to do with him, even in the way of remonstrance. But, fortunately, it is not so with women. They are ever helpful to the weak, and soft to the soft; and besides, there is much in Mr. Wilde's demonstrations which leads to the inference that he himself is a woman spoiled." Worst of all were the comments in the *Daily News*. They represented Mr. Wilde as returning to England a "ladder if not a wiser man," leaving the "Americans a merrier but not less wise people," who "laughed at him, and when they were tired of laughing forgot him." "Perhaps," continued the commentator, "Mr. Oscar Wilde may have more sympathy with the Atlantic Ocean, as itself a gigantic failure, now that he is returning home dependent, than he had when he set out full of hope and confidence in his mission. He may have a certain indulgence for it as a melancholy and monotonous impostor. The Atlantic Ocean, Niagara Falls, the American people—they are all vast delusions, each as indifferent as the others to the majestic personality of Mr. Oscar Wilde." These are all painfully blunt observations, and savor strongly of that "dreadful personality" which so grieved Mr. Wilde in the American press. He will be dissatisfied with his home and will find existence there as "utterly dreary" as it was here. A prophet and apostle cannot be said to be greatly honored in his own country when the news of his return prompts the press of the land to call him such unpleasant names as "creature," "weak and soft," a "woman spoiled," and a "melancholy and monotonous impostor." This is not exactly receiving a man with open arms. It comes nearer to the "fervid reception" with a basin of hot water which Artemus Ward's wife once extended to him on his return from a lecturing tour.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Give Him a Medal.

On a Woodward Avenue car yesterday one of our solid citizens, whose weather predictions have never been disputed since he was rated worth \$50,000, remarked to an acquaintance that this was unusual weather for the last of December. He had hardly spoken when an old man with a bundle under his arm hopped up and replied:

"It is eh? I'll bet you an even dollar that you are mistaken!"

"Isn't this unusual weather?"

"No, sir! I'll bet you two to one we had just such a December week three, five and eight years ago. Put up your cash."

"O, I don't bet on the weather; still, I think such soft weather at this time of year is singular."

"Bet you three to one it isn't singular!" cried the old man.

"I told you I wouldn't bet."

"Then don't be deceiving people with your weather talk. Bet you four to one you can't tell what the weather was in September."

The solid citizen was bluffed into silence for a moment and then he remarked:

"Looks as if we might have snow."

"Bet you five to one we don't see a flake this week!" piped the old man.

"How can you expect snow when the air isn't cold enough to congeal this moisture?"

"Then it may rain."

"No, it won't! Bet you six to one you never saw rain with the wind where it is!"

"Well, the barometer indicates a storm of some sort," shouted the solid man.

"I'll take you on that, too, and bet you seven to one that it doesn't!"

The prophet seemed about to haul out a dollar, but he changed his mind and fell back in his seat and growled out:

"May be my thermometer doesn't stand at fifty-four degrees above."

"No, sir! No, sir! I'll bet you eight to one that you are at least three degrees out of the way! Come, now!"

But the solid man came not.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The great obstacle in the way of railroad building in China is said to be the over-peopled condition of the country. The Chinese thinkers say: If we build railroads to transport people and merchandise from one point to another, what are we going to do with the immense surplus of labor that will throw upon us? What can we do with the thousands of coolies and others thrown out of employment? At present the internal commerce of the empire is moved almost entirely by the canals and natural water courses, or on the backs of camels, mules and men. There are but few horses and almost no vehicles.

WE STILL LIVE.

Notwithstanding the low prices advertised by our competitors we have
JUST RECEIVED
a full and complete line of

CHOICE GROCERIES.

6 lbs. Japan Tea - \$1.00
5 lbs. fine Japan Tea - \$1.00
3 lbs. extra choice Jap. T. \$1.00
2 1-2 lbs. finest Jap. Tea \$1.00

Bargains in Teas.

Low prices in choice green Rio Coffee, Frank Spidal's soap, extra roasted coffee in packages and bulk, mackerel, white fish, halibut, codfish, Latin's Boraxine, a substitute for soap, extra choice, Royal baking powder, ground spices, new process flour, salt, canned goods, etc.

Mule ear fine-cut tobacco \$1.00 per lb. xxx Taylor crackers, ginger snaps, lemon snaps, Cream snaps, graham crackers, oatmeal crackers, Boston crackers, N. O. biscuits, imperial biscuits,

Pride of Canada plug smoking tobacco \$1.00 per lb.
A GOOD LINE OF SOAP.

We have the largest and most complete stock of fine cut plug and smoking

TOBACCO, AND WE SELL THE MOST TOBACCO IN PINCKNEY.

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY A SPECIALTY.

BARGAINS IN SUGARS.

A GOOD LINE OF JEWELRY, CLOCKS, PAPETRIES ETC.

At the leading Daily and Weekly Papers kept constantly on hand.

It will pay you to call and get our prices. Call and see us.

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.

News-Dealers, Book-Sellers, & Stationers.
Cor. Main and Mill Sts. PINCKNEY, MICH.

P. S. We also keep on hand a full line of fine top and open buggies, road carts, Wiard ploughs, Linden wagons, harnesses, D. M. Osborne & Co's Binders-Reapers & Mowers.

PEARSON CLAIMS THE SQUARE! WAR ON WALL PAPER. GENTLE SPRING HAS BECOME A ROARING LION.

WE DON'T CLAIM TO OWN ALL THE WALL PAPER IN LIVINGSTON CO., BUT WE WILL GIVE YOU BETTER PRICES THAN ANY OTHER DEALER IN TOWN.

The following are our present prices. Cut this out for future reference.

BROWN BACK PER DOUBLE ROLL,	15 C.
BUFF " " " "	16 C.
WHITE " " " "	20 C.
FRENCH FLATS " " " "	28 C.
SATINS " " " "	30 C.
BRONZE " " " "	60 C.

BORDER RANGING FROM 10 UP

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

"GENTLE SPRING"

Is soon to be here, and

SIGLER BROS.

Are prepared to meet the demand for

WALL - PAPER,

Having received upwards of 3000 rolls, in all the latest designs for 1883. We have Brown, Buff and White blanks, French Flats, Satins, Bronzes in plain, with color, embossed and gold blotch.

ENGLISH KALSOMINE AND ALABASTINE,

ALL SHADES AND COLORS.

We have the best line of Window Shades ever brought to Pinckney, ranging in price from 8 cents to \$2 each. These goods were bought for cash, and we can and will give you lowest prices. Come and see us.

SIGLER BROS.

Cor. Main and Howell Streets,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN